

MACHINE
MAN

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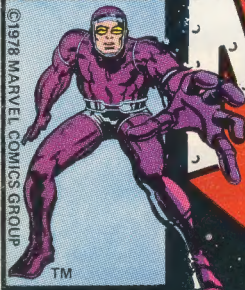
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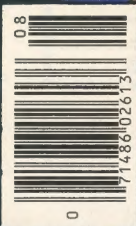
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MACHINE man™

THE LIVING ROBOT



AS GALACTIC INVADERS CLOSE
FOR THE KILL, MACHINE MAN
TURNS HIS BACK ON EARTH!

DAY OF THE NON-HERO!

This is the story of X-51—a thinking computer in the form of a man. As Aaron Stack, he tries to find a place in a world that's not quite ready for his kind—but will he find it as friend, foe, or the greatest hero of them all?

Stan Lee PRESENTS: MACHINE MAN™, THE LIVING ROBOT!

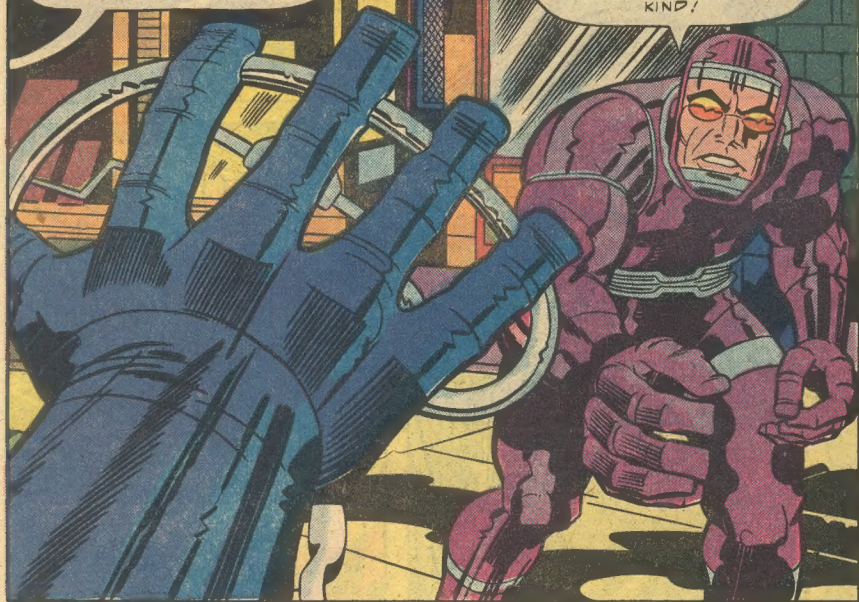
EDITED, WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY **JACK KIRBY** • LETTERS 'N' INKS BY **MIKE ROYER** • COLORS BY **PETRA GOLDBERG** • CONSULTING EDITOR **JIM SHOOTER**

THERE IS TO BE AN INVASION OF EARTH--AND NO ONE BELIEVES IT! THERE IS A VOLUNTEER WITH THE POWER TO STOP IT--BUT THE WORLD PUTS HIM DOWN! DOOM IS ON ITS WAY TO US--WITH NO RESISTANCE IN ITS PATH BUT A--

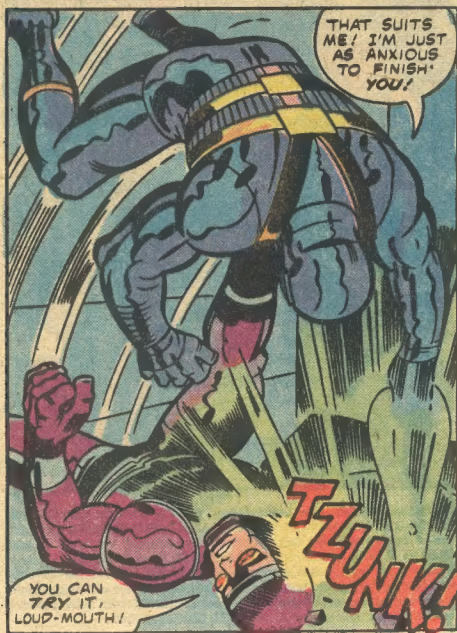
NON-HERO

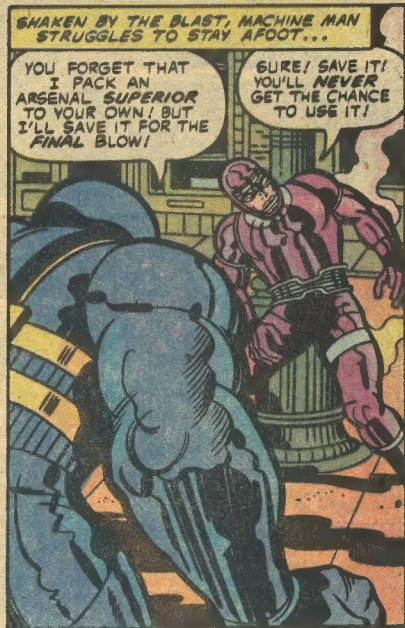
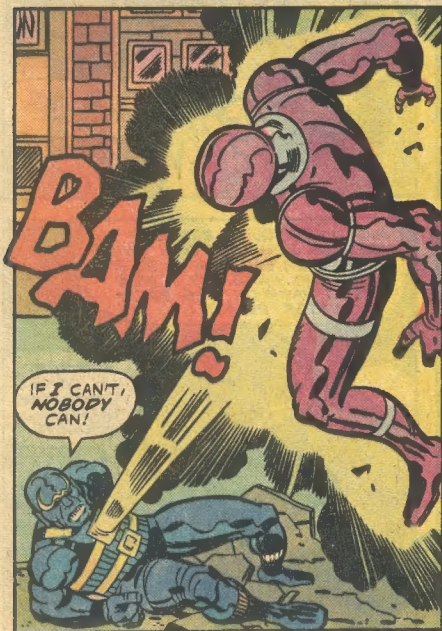
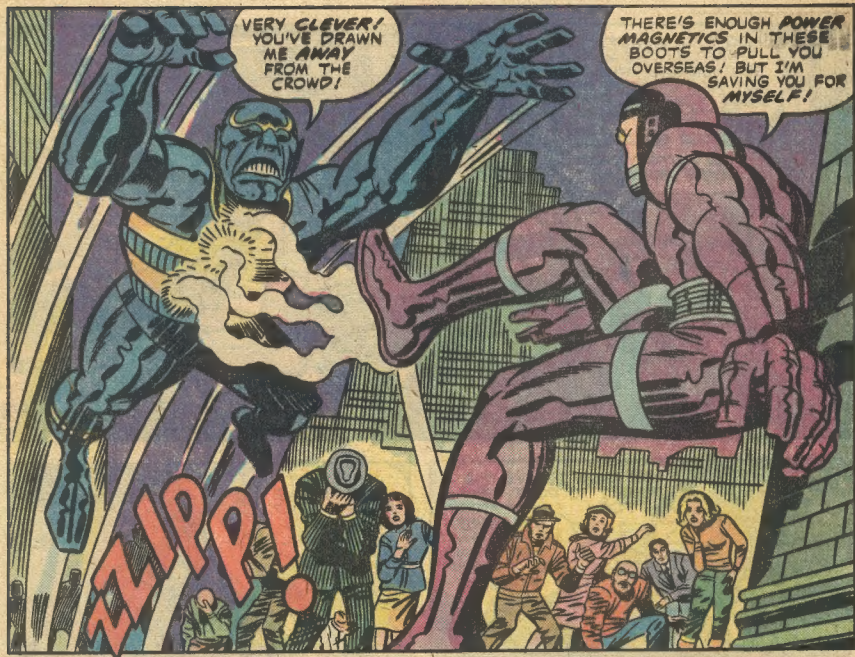
YOU'VE COME TOO LATE, **MACHINE MAN!** MY HAND-ANTENNA HAS SENT A POWERFUL SIGNAL TO A FLEET IN DEEP SPACE -- WHICH WILL SOON BE HERE IN GREAT FORCE!

IT JUST ISN'T GOING TO HAPPEN, **TEN-FOR!** THIS PLANET HAS HAD ITS FILL OF YOU AND WILL BE SPARED ANY CONTACT WITH YOUR KIND!

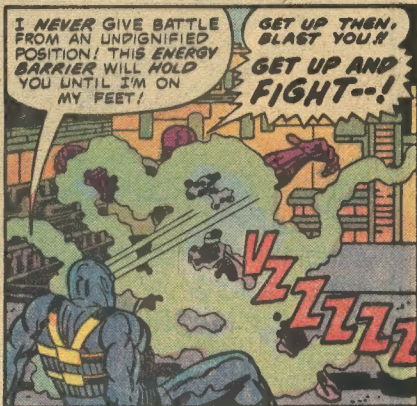
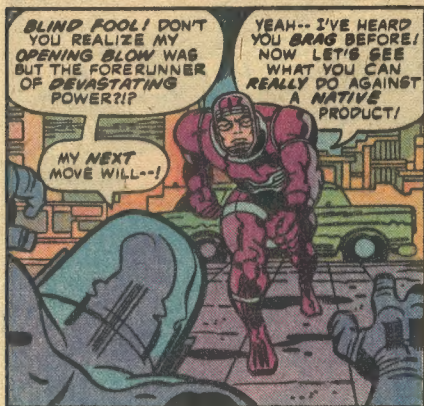


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YOU SEE, I'M A STRANGER HERE-- ALONE AND AT THE MERCY OF THE UNEXPECTED!

IF YOU REPRESENT THE AUTHORITIES, I'D BE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO PLACE MYSELF IN YOUR HANDS!

WELL, GET THE LITTLE LOST LAMB ROUTINE!



DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! I KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO!

LEAVE HIM TO ME, I TELL YOU!

I'D ADVISE YOU TO TAKE THIS VIOLENT INDIVIDUAL INTO CUSTODY, TOO! HE'S A MENACE TO LAW AND ORDER!



LOOK OUT! THIS ONE'S PUTTING UP A BATTLE!

YOU SCHEMING SPACE-CREEP! I'LL TEAR YOU APART!

LET'S GO! MOVE--!

OF COURSE, OFFICER! I DON'T FEEL SAFE IN THE VICINITY OF SUCH A PSYCHOTIC TYPE!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR! THAT DEVIL INTENDS TO WAIT! THAT'S ALL HE HAS TO DO UNTIL THE GALACTIC FLEET ARRIVES!

A GALACTIC FLEET?!

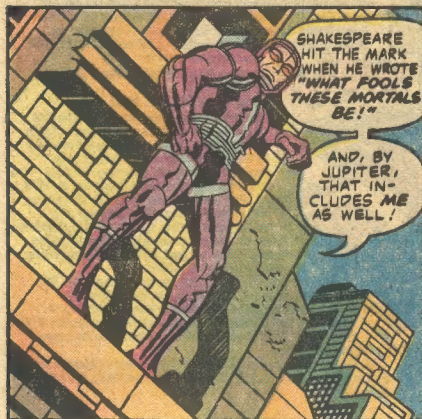
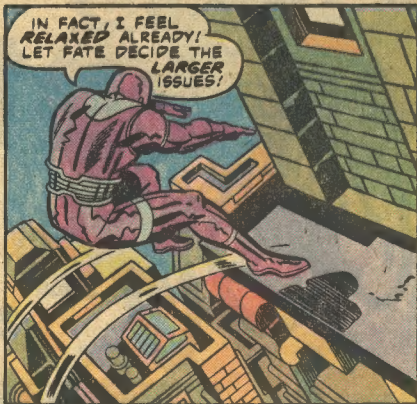
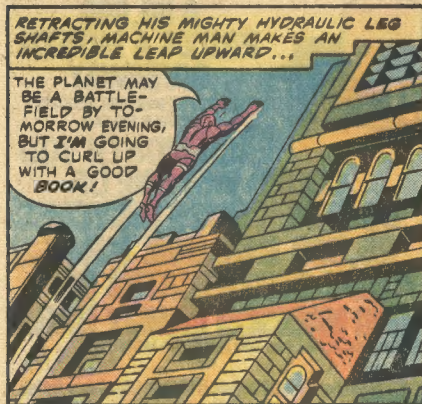
WHAT A FANCIFUL STORY!



OKAY! YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE TO EXPLAIN IT ALL TO A JUDGE! SO COME ALONG NICELY AND--!

THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT! THEY'LL BE HERE TOMORROW--! THOUSANDS OF INVADERS!

SAY, CHIEF! DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CENTRAL CITY SANITARIUM...

THIS IS A FINE TIME TO DO YOUR PART AS A PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZEN, SPALDING!

I'VE REPORTED ALL I KNOW TO THE POLICE!



YOU'LL BE SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT TEN-FOR IS IN CUSTODY, COLONEL KRAGG!

BLAST THAT WALKING JUNK YARD! SO HE'S STILL AT LARGE, IS HE?

THEY EXPECT TO PICK UP MACHINE MAN MOMENTARILY!



I'LL CORNER HIM YET, SPALDING! AND WHEN I DO, MY TROOPS'LL BLOW OUT HIS BATTERIES!

I WAS IN COMMAND OF SECURITY WHEN I LOST THIS IN A BATTLE WITH HIS PROTOTYPES!

BUT THEY WERE ALL DESTROYED! THAT SHOULD EVEN THINGS!



BUT IT DOESN'T... I CAN SEE THAT! YOU WON'T REST TILL THE LAST PRODUCT OF THAT SECRET PROJECT FOLLOWS HIS PREDECESSORS INTO OBLIVION!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT "DOCTOR-TALK!"



BUT, I AM A DOCTOR-- A PSYCHIATRIST, IN FACT--AND I CAN TELL YOU THAT DOING AWAY WITH MACHINE MAN MAY NOT GIVE YOU THE PEACE YOU HOPE FOR.

OF COURSE YOU'D SAY THAT! YOU'RE HIS FRIEND! YOU GAVE HIM SHELTER!



NOT ONLY THAT-- YOU HELPED HIM BRING THIS TEN-FOR CHARACTER TO THIS PLANET!

I ADMIT OUR MISTAKE! BUT THERE WERE SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES INVOLVED!

HE'S MEANER AND MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN THOSE OTHER MACHINES EVER WERE!!





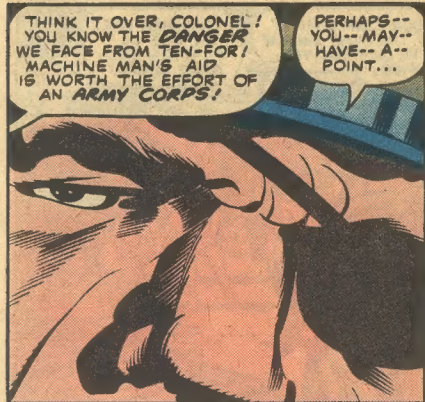
TEN-FOR IS A **MENACE**, ALL RIGHT! BUT **MACHINE MAN** IS THE **ONLY** ONE WITH THE **POWER** TO SEND HIM **BACK** WHERE HE CAME FROM!

GO ON-- YOU'VE GOT THE BALL-- RUN IT DOWN THE FIELD!



I'M TALKING **AMNESTY**! PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND LET **MACHINE MAN** COME IN **WITHOUT** THIS THREAT TO HIS **EXISTENCE**!

NEVER-- NEVER--!



THINK IT OVER, COLONEL! YOU KNOW THE **DANGER** WE FACE FROM TEN-FOR! **MACHINE MAN'S** AID IS WORTH THE EFFORT OF AN **ARMY CORPS**!

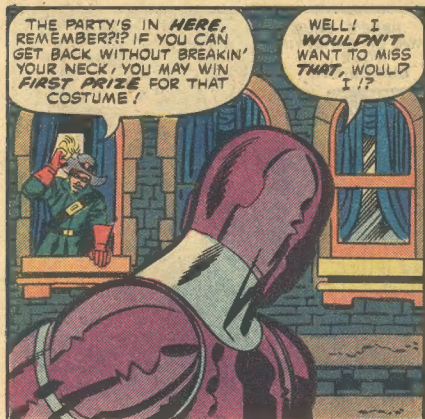
PERHAPS-- YOU-- MAY-- HAVE-- A-- POINT...



MEANWHILE, IN THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT OF TOWN...

ONLY PIGEONS CAN PERCH HERE WITHOUT GETTING **BORED**! I SHOULD PLAN MY NEXT MOVE!

HEY, YOU OUT THERE! YOU'RE MISSING ALL THE FUN!



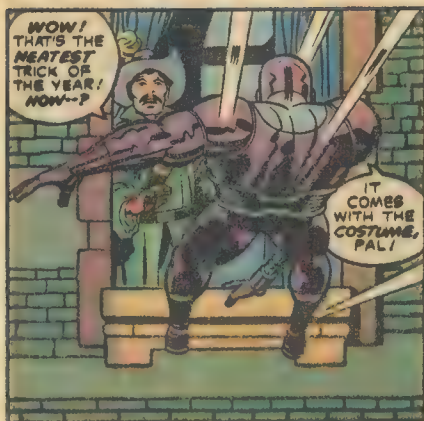
THE PARTY'S IN **HERE**, REMEMBER?? IF YOU CAN GET BACK WITHOUT BREAKIN' YOUR NECK, YOU MAY WIN **FIRST PRIZE** FOR THAT COSTUME!

WELL! I **WOULDN'T** WANT TO MISS THAT, WOULD I?!



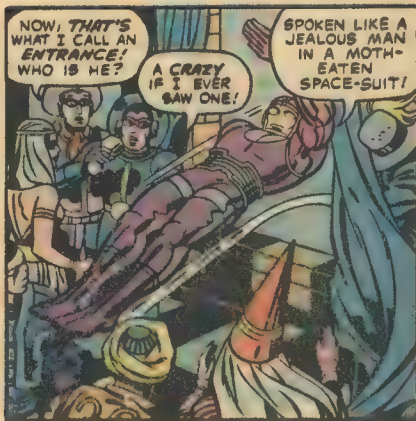
WHAT IN THE WORLD???

I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



WOW!
THAT'S THE
NEATEST
TRICK OF
THE YEAR!
NOW--P

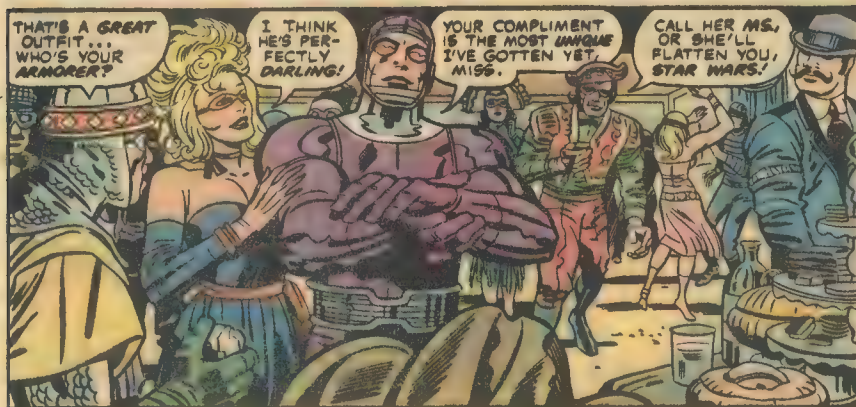
IT
COMES
WITH THE
COSTUME,
PAL!



NOW, THAT'S
WHAT I CALL AN
ENTRANCE!
WHO IS HE?

A CRAZY
IF I EVER
SAW ONE!

SPOKEN LIKE A
JEALOUS MAN
IN A MOTH-
EATEN
SPACE-SUIT!

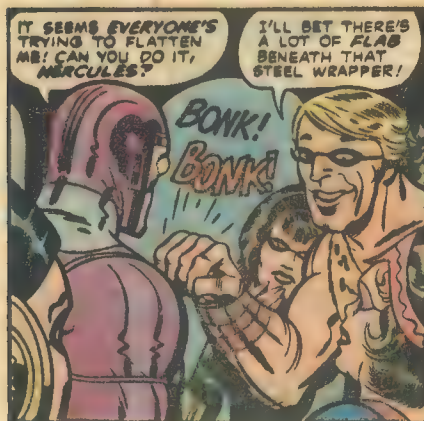


THAT'S A GREAT
OUTFIT...
WHO'S YOUR
ARMORER?

I THINK
HE'S PER-
FECTLY
DARLING!

YOUR COMPLIMENT
IS THE MOST UNIQUE
I'VE GOTTEN YET,
MISS.

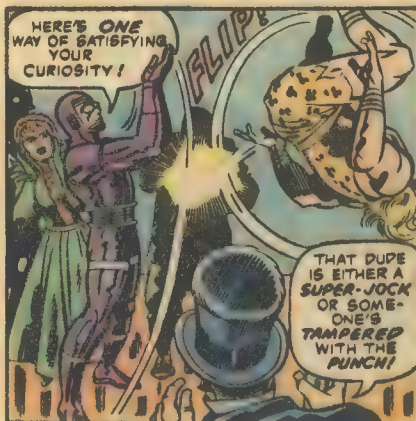
CALL HER MS.,
OR SHE'LL
FLATTEN YOU,
STAR WARS!



IT SEEMS EVERYONE'S
TRYING TO FLATTEN
MR. CAN YOU DO IT,
HERCULES?

I'LL BET THERE'S
A LOT OF FLAB
BENEATH THAT
STEEL WRAPPER!

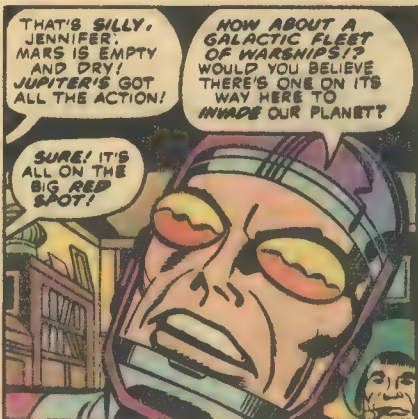
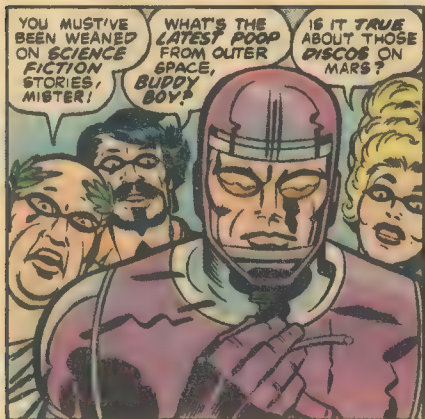
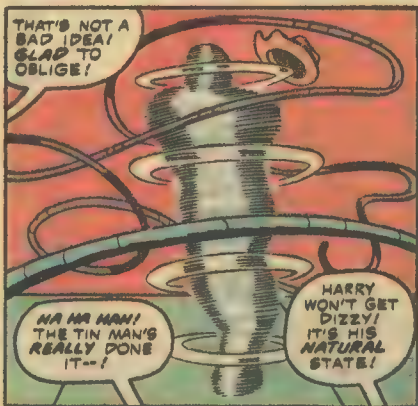
BONK!
BONK!

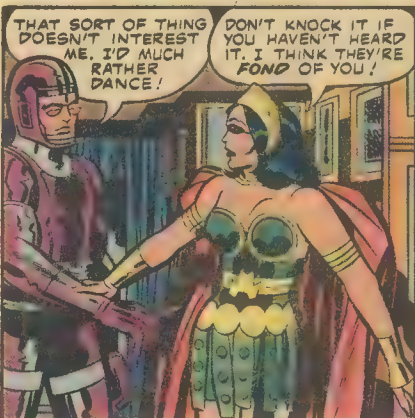
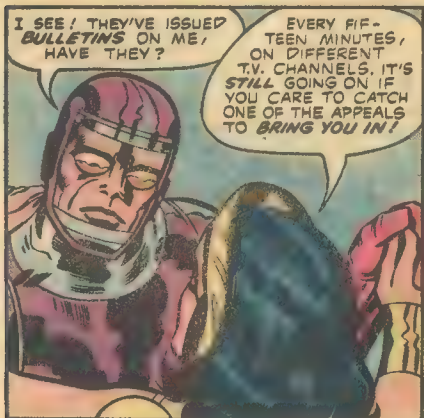
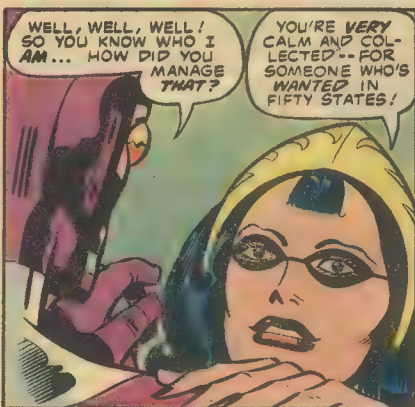
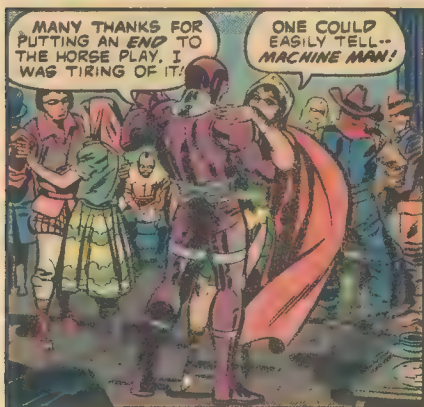
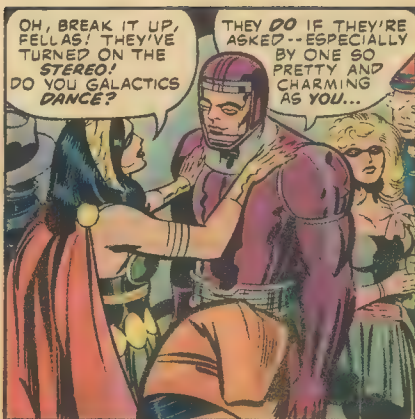
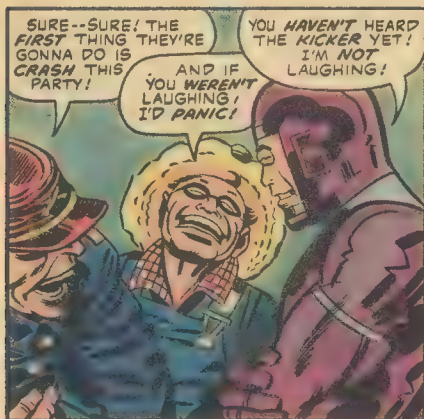


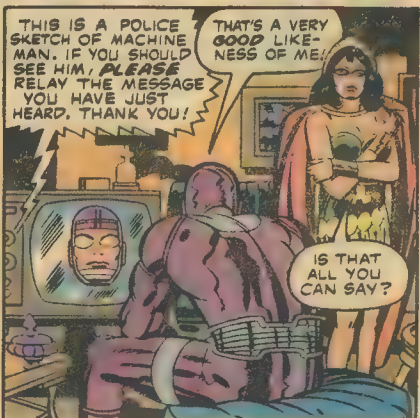
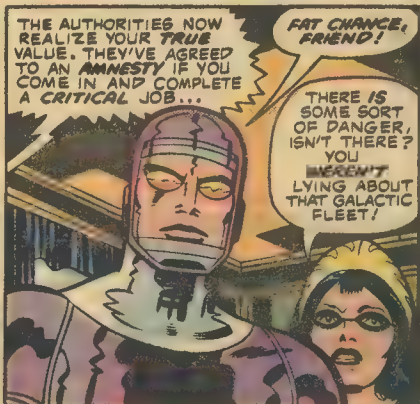
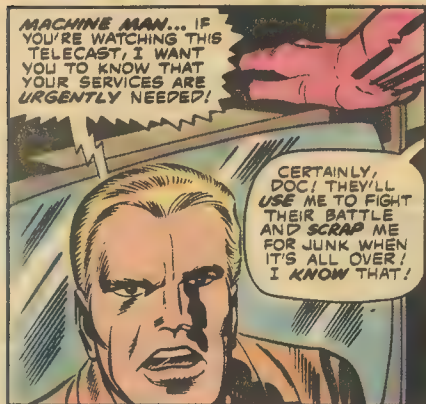
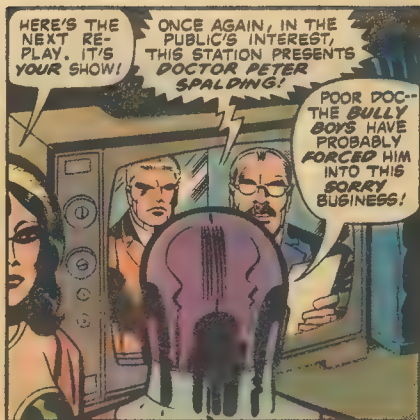
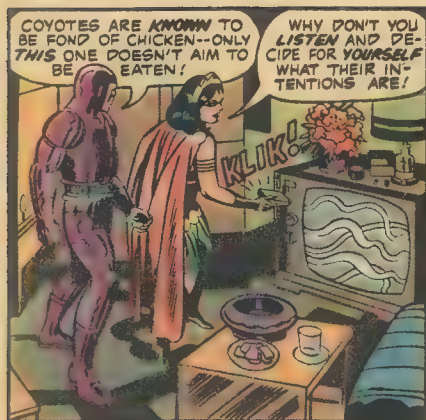
HERE'S ONE
WAY OF SATISFYING
YOUR
CURIOSITY!

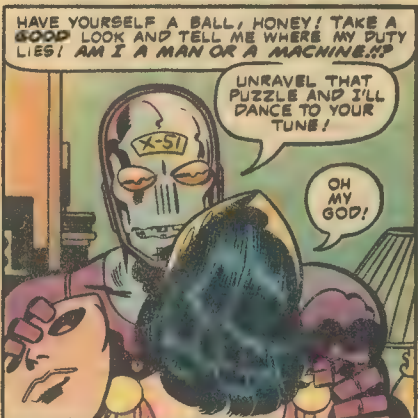
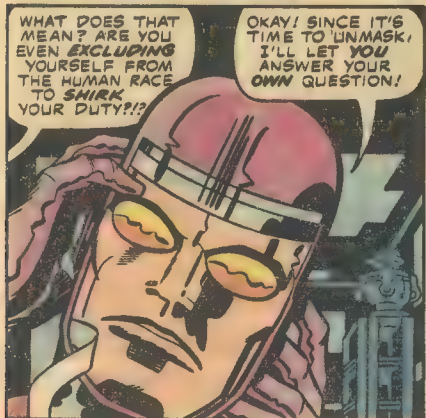
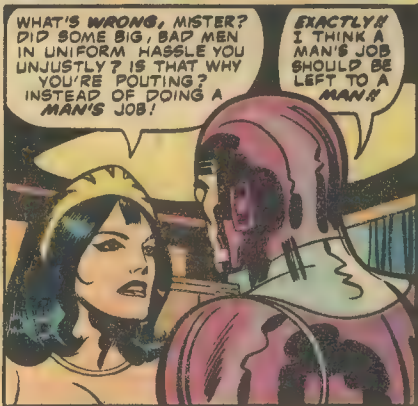
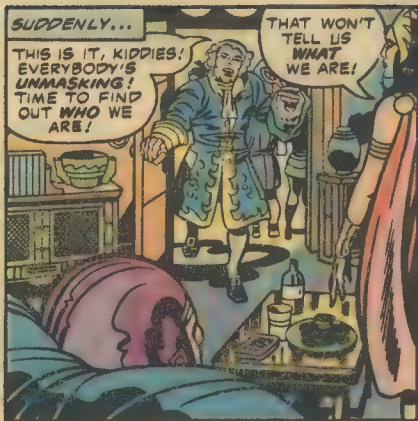
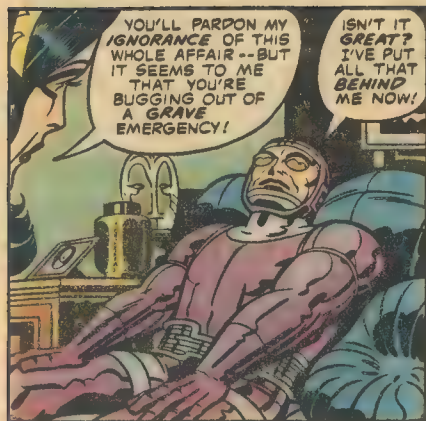
FLIP!

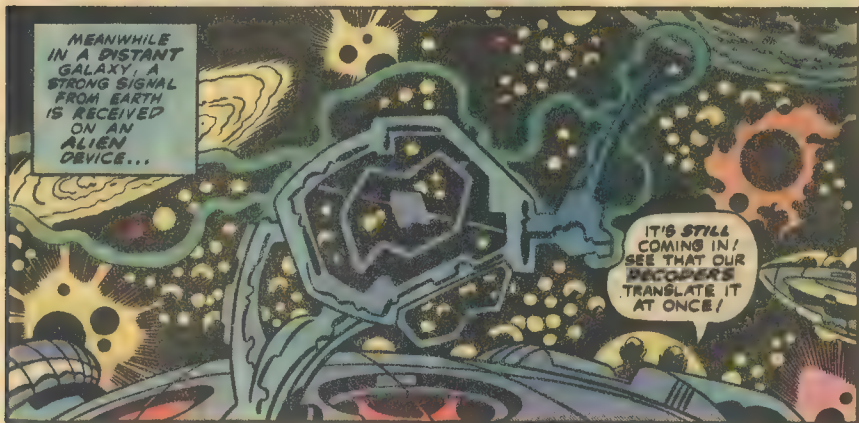
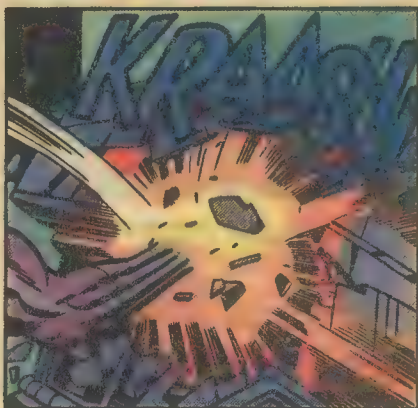
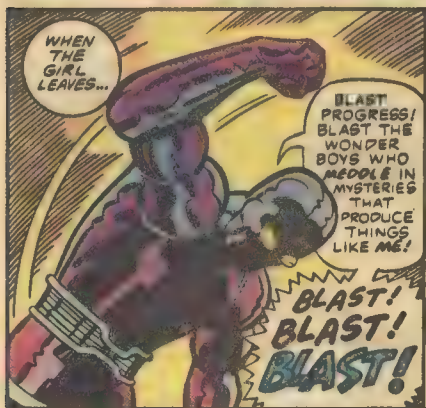
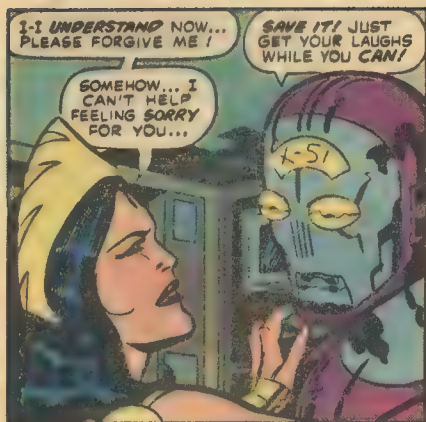
THAT DUDE
IS EITHER A
SUPER-JOCK
OR SOME-
ONE'S
TAMPERED
WITH THE
PUNCH!













IT'S A **DISCOVERY REPORT!**
SPACE ROVER TEN-FOR
OFFERS A PLANET IN A
REMOTE SYSTEM TO THE
AUTOCRON EMPIRE!

**TRANSMIT THE
DETAILS TO THE
FLAGSHIP!**

WE'RE
STANDING
BY-- READY
TO RECEIVE!

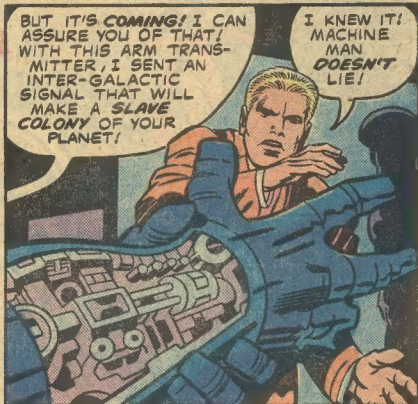
TARGET IS **NUMBER
THREE** IN A NINE
PLANET SYSTEM...
NAME: **EARTH!**
INHABITANTS:
FLESH WEARERS!
LOCATION: **QUADRANT
43269-MDS!**

THAT'S **REALLY** IN THE
BOONDOCKS! I'LL SWITCH
THIS TO THE **ADMIRAL**
FOR CLEARANCE!

I HEARD YOU! ACTIVATE ALL
STAR-DRIVES FOR A LONG JUMP
TO THAT **QUADRANT!** TEN-FOR IS
A **SEASONED ROVER!** HIS
RECOMMENDATION IS OFFICIALLY
APPROVED!

**PUT EVERY GUN
CREW ON FULL ALERT
AND CLEAR THE DECKS
FOR AN ALL-OUT
ASSAULT!!**





WHAT HAPPENS NEXT WILL SURPRISE EVERYBODY! ...INCLUDING TEN-FOR!

DON'T MISS--

QUICK TRICK

MACHINE MAIL

56 P. O. BOX 4943, THOUSAND OAKS, CA. 91360

"Would You Like A Machine To Fight Your Battles?"

Darn tootin' you would. So would I. It would certainly save us the job of deciding the thrust of our aggressions. A machine man at our service could guard us all from the frictions and conflicts that stalk humanity in a variety of forms.

Now, who's going to knock a machine man bodyguard? In a protective capacity, he could be invaluable to the average family. I can visualize him at this moment, disarming a burglar, sounding a fire alarm, and pulling the family car to a service station should it break down in the middle of "Highway Nowhere."

There would be less anxiety in the household if a machine man accompanied little Ted and Theodora to school. Mother would be overjoyed to unload her packages on him at the supermarket. Machine man at the family hearth is bound to establish a feeling of security never known before by Sid and Zelda Average. Of course, he might never replace television, but watching it in an atmosphere of super-serenity is bound to be unbestable.

Actually, I'm ready to rush out to buy or rent a machine man as soon as he's available commercially. But I'm a bit disturbed about my neighbor. He's going to buy one, too. And the first time we hassle over a broken fence or damaged shrub, there will be nuts and bolts flying when each of our machine men settle the argument. It could result in a minor holocaust which could turn a lawn into a plow field and a house into scattered bricks.

Well, I suppose this can be regarded as "nit-picking" in some quarters. After all, the pluses may far outweigh the minuses. The public spirited citizen is a "good guy", he's not likely to allow his machine man to get out of hand. Lawsuits are troublesome visions to him, and the prospect of extensive repairs would drive him to insomnia.

"Ah, but what about the bad guy," you say. "He'll risk anything for a buck, and with a machine man to do his bidding—well, Holy Toledo!"

It's probably, true. The police are going to have it tougher than ever to make a bust. Chances are that it will be done by mechanical guardians of the law with gear and power to assault a fortress. We may be in store for "shoot-outs" that could make WWII look like a brannigan at a political fish fry. They may televise them for the evening news but the TV crews will have to do it from improvised bunkers.

Sure, the machine men won't cause a bit of change in our social structure except to heighten its violence quotient in a spectacular manner. For every metal teacher there will be a steel "hit man." The military services will train divisions of them for land, sea and air duty, with little concern for draft resisting or malcontents. It's an obvious fact that the machine man, programmed for battle alone, would make the ideal soldier.

Is this any reason for cheer? I don't think so. The enemy of the future, whoever he may be, will with little doubt, follow the same course. Besides, there's still the "BOMB", and no robot made anywhere is going to overshadow its frightening potential. However, as long as brush-fire wars are fought, the coming of machine men is to be acknowledged as a weighty factor in the "see-saw" competition for influence and power.

The years to come may bring us many technical changes but the peculiar nature of the human animal will do little with them except bend the world to his will. Machine man himself, will be caught in the middle of contending passions and waving flags. He will be smiled upon and earn the fearful scowls of those who brought him into being. He will inherit our pleasures and hang-ups and become a candidate for some analyst's couch. Poor Machine Man. Made in our image, he will shoulder our uncertainties, insecurities and put up with the company of our visiting relatives.

Smart aleck adolescents will use him for a tape deck and program him to dance for laughs. Mischievous tykes will make him spark, the family hound will regard him as a hydrant and a torrent of such minor abuses will saddle Machine Man with unimaginable sorrows.

Perhaps, when our relationship to Machine Man is established, he's going to examine it seriously and disconnect his life functions.

Naturally, that won't bother us humans one smidgin. We'll just manufacture more machine men—to fight our battles and hang out the wash, because that's what we want, and there wasn't a moment since the first hairy rascal sallied from his cave to the present day, in which a human being did not fulfill his own desires.

Jack Kirby
PO Box 4943

Thousand Oaks, CA 91360

FROM OUT OF THE FIERY PITS COMES

GHOST RIDER

THE MOST SUPERNATURAL SUPER-HERO OF ALL!

ON SALE EVERY OTHER MONTH--YOU DARE NOT MISS IT!





scanned by *Wizard*

